OF INTEREST TO THE FAIR SEX.



The Angel of the Toys,

There are so many broken toys, The whole wide world around Wherever naughty children
Or careless ones are found,
But there's a lovely angel
Who has them in her care,
Her wings are like a butterfly's, A crown is on her hair.

She gathers up the broken toys From corners and the dust bin And from out the rubbish heap; She mends them up so well before She puts them on the shelves, No one knows where they're broken But the angel and themselves.

Then every evening from the shelves Some eager toys she takes, And puts them in good children's dreams For those are what she makes, The toys all night with children play Till morning comes, and then
The angel blows the dreams away
And takes her toys again.

-Harper's Young People.

Half-Minute Woman.

We Dread Her Coming As We Would a Case of Measies. What a lingerer she is. She clings lik

pitch to any spot where she may land. Always in a hurry, always breathless from her last rush, she can outstand or outsit

any one of us.

Alter greatest joy is in posing on the front door steps with the wind whistling like mad and the thermometer down The half-minute woman is responsible

for more bronchitis, more sniffles in the head, more discomfort than a dozen other women. I met her the other evening before the electric bell of a neighbor.

When the servant opened the door I

passed in, but I heard the lady who had arrived with me say, to the man: "Ask Mrs. Blank if I can see her for just half a minute. I will not come in be-

cause I am in a hurry."

Mrs. Blank came downstairs, smiling like a sunbeam; as she passed the reception-room she said: Will be with you, Dorothy, in just

Then the lady calling on the front door steps began her mue story. It was some-thing about a club. There had been a bitimer, one talked and talked and talked. Madame listened, I could see from where I sat that she was on pins and needles

to get into the house.

It was a miserable cay to be outside bindled up in a nice, warm wrap, and to have to stand directly in a cold draught with only a house gown for protection was almost suicidal.

After shivering for a good fifteen min-utes the lady who had only a half minute to stay left and my friend came into the drawing-room looking as blue is a piece of whetstone.

She sank down in her chair, gave a little shiver, and gazing at me pathetically

"Aren't women queer? They have such a way of saying they haven't but half a minute to stay, and then"— here she raised her hands with a gesture of despair. She was too loyal to say much, but I had only to look at her to understand the dis-comfort she had undergone. Indoors, out of doors, wherever women meet, they evince the same strange desire

meet, they evince the same strange desire to linger, backed by an equally wild desire to escape from one another.

I wonder sometimes when I watch the farewells strung out to an exhaustive length, to the good-byes that seem as if they would never cease, to those last words on the tip of all our tongues.—I wonder if we do not hypnotize one anoth-

Perhaps it isn't pitiful to watch the half-minute woman get from a reception-room to the front door and out on the pavement. She edges along, then hitches, does a little more edging, and finally,

when her hostess is ready to sink with wearlness, she takes her departure.

I have a friend who whisks out of a room. She disappears like a meteor after a call. There are no last words. Compared with most of us she is rudely impolite. But, after all, is she not a positive relief?

I have never gotten used to her methods.

I have never gotten used to her methods. I suppose because she is such a contrast to the average woman. I think, taking all things into consideration, she might be offered as a shining example.

At least she will never be called a nore. At least she will never lay some poor, delicate soul low with grip. When she says she is going she goes.

I have heard more than one of her friends talk her over as if she were a

friends talk her over as if she were a phenomenon.-Dorothy Maddox, in Balti-

keep on trying to solve the problem of making a shilling do the work of half a crown; it is the women on whom any extras of management or work invariably extras of management or work invariably fall. We hear a good deal of husbands marching about in airy costumes, hush.ng fractious bables to sleep, but will any husband come forward and truthfully say that they did it except in the case of the first-born? * * * But, in justice to the men, I must confess that some women like worry, or, if they do not actually like worry, they do like to "boss the show" all the time.

show" all the time.

Of course, some women, like some men, take their worries more seriously than others. Some of them love them, love the burden, and would feel lost without

I often wonder, can nothing be done to stop the worries of women? I often ask myself whether it is more the fault of the women or the men that these should fall most upon the weaker sex.
Will the freer and more open-air lives led
by our girls to-day keep them from by our girls to-day keep them from worrying over domestic details to-mor-row? Will the fact that girls nowadays are all encouraged to have a metier, no matter what their class or means, keep them from letting little things that should not even be allowed existence, prey upon their minds and ruin thir nerves? Or is their minus and run thir herves: Or is it the nature of women to worry over small things? Is it inseparable from wifely consideration that they should dread a cross word from a husband, that they should be nervous when it is necthey should be nervous when it is nec-essary to demand a portion of those worldly goods with which they have been endowed, that they should fidget over Temmy's damp socks, fret over Ger-trude's spoiled frock, fume over Mary Ann's slip-shod dusting, and rage over the laundress's defaications? Can any one answer the question whether the worries of women are inherent to feminine nature, or whether they are a more or less artificial product, the outcome of the general law which has made man the wage-winner and woman the wage-saver?

The New Century.

When in the dim, gray East shall rise The morning of thy birth— When thy first dawn steps from the skies

Upon the hills of earth-Shall waiting nations breathless stand Oppressed with haunting fears, Of what thou holdest in thy hand, Thou coming Hundred Years?

Or shall a glad world welcome thee

Or shall a glad world welcome thee
With laughter and a song—
Thou unborn child of Destiny
Whose reign shall be so long?
Who knows!—we only know that thou
Shalt enter like a king
Into thy courts,—that we must bow,
Whatever thou dost bring.

What matter whether war or peace

The story of the centuries
Is evermore the same!
Thy children-years shall tell abroad,
Through all thy mighty span.
Naught but the Fatherland of God— The Brotherhood of Man.

-The Independent.

Kruger's Granddaughters.

Mmc. Eloff and Mile. Guttmann, as Seen With English Eyes.

I did not say all that I might have said last week about President Kruger's granddaughters, writes a Paris cor-respondent of London Truth. They respondent of London Truth. They are in all the illustrated papers. But the the artists who engraved the plates toned down all that jarred with their ideas of lady-like distinction. Mme. Bloff and Mile. Guttmann, her sister, are at once more and less attractive than in their pictorial presentments. They have wonderful sex charm. But they must be classed as ephemeral, because without mental interests. Carking care has been a stranger to them. Black labor spared them domestic drudgery. Hence their high spirits. But Dopper education has high spirits. But Dopper education has not killed in them a taste for the vain things of the world.

Some American lady journalists wanted some American lady Journalists wanted to interview them at Marseilles. At last one, bolder than the rest, remembered she had in her possession the visiting card of a countess, the wife of a Charge d'Afaires at some Legation. She boldly sent it up to Mme. Eloff, who not only received it up to Mme. Eloff, who not only received her, but struck up a friendship, and in all her carriage drives took her with her. The interloper wired every evening to Chi-cago what she heard in the drives. This went on until Dr. Leyds came. He at once "bounced" the so-called countess.

went on until Dr. Leyds came. He at once "bounced" the so-called countess. Leyds himself a weakness for the titled ones of the carth. He sowed the Thansval Legation with Jonkheers, A Jonkheer of ancient family was told to escort Mme. Eloff, her children and sisters to The Hague.

I suppose it is women's own fault that the worries of life all fall to their share. It is the women who do all the unconsidered work, who are the unpaid drudges of the household; it is the women who

sweep the horizon. They are most in-teresting as types. When at the Hotel Scribe their mother and aunt used to step out on the balcony to see manifestastep out on the balcony to see mannesta-tions they sometimes laughed until they lost breath. Their dresses were affike in style, but different in color. The mar-ried sister wore a deep rose peignoir of velvet, richly trimmed with lace, and the unmarried one a sky blue peignoir not less handsomely trimmed. They never put themselves forward when deputations, came. While Oom Paul received they stayed in the next room.

Wives of 1819.

Rules Published Then for Guiding

Their Conduct Seem Curious Now. Their Conduct Seem Curious Now.
The following are some extracts from a set of "Rules to be Observed by Wives," printed in a number of the London Ladies' Magazine of 1819. They are comprehensive and deal with almost every emergency possible in married life:
"When a young gentleman makes you an offer hold yourself flattered by his preference and proportionately grateful.
"If you accept him (which we will suppose, of course), study his temper and

pose, of course), study his temper and inclinations, that you may better accom-modate your own to them. "After marriage obey him cheerfully,

even though you think him in error; it is better that he should do wrong in what he commands than that you should do wrong in objecting to it. "If he flatters you do not forget that

it is but flattery; think lowly of your-self and highly of him, or at least make him believe so. "Bear in mind continually that you are

weak and dependent, and even if you are beautiful that it adds to your weak-ness and dependence.
"If you displease him, be the first to

conciliate and to mend; there is no de-gradation in seeking peace or in showing that you love your husband better than your triumph.

"When you rise in the morning resolve to be cheerful for the day; let your smiles dispel his frowns. "Endeaor to save rather than to spend your husband's money; if his fortune be large, strive to preserve it; if small, to

increase it. "be not importunate or obtrusive in your fondness, and choose proper occaions for your caresses, lest they prove

wearisome.
"Your sex is most exposed to suffering, because it is always in dependence; be neither angry nor ashamed of this de-pendence on a husband, nor of any of those which are in the proper order of Providence.

"Finally, recollect always that God has

made you subject to him, and that he is your natural guardian and protector; that you owe your husband not less honor than love and not less love than obedi-

In harmony with these "Rules to Be Observed by Wives" are the terms of disapprobation in which a New York magazine of a few years later comments upon a scheme afoot in Boston for the establishment of a "Ladies' Reading-

"It is comtemplated to establish a ladies' reading-room in Boston. We shall not wish our brethren of 'Athens' joy or the success of the scheme. It has to us a most unfeminine and untoward aspect. What! remove our wives, mothers and sisters, even in the hours they devote to intellectual recreation, from their proper sphere and circle at home? What be-comes, then, of the domestic duties and the endearing ties which bind our rougher sex to the fire-side, lighted up more by the animated smiles of the beings which welcome us there than even the intense flames of the most brilliant Lehigh? Away with the thought! It is enough to dye the whole population blue."

Brilliants.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; Small sands the mountain, moments make And trifles life.

The wind that blows can never kill The tree God plants; It bloweth east, it bloweth west, The tender leaves have little rest; But any wind that blows is best. The tree God plants .

Strikes deeper root, grows higher still. Spreads wider boughs, for God's good will meets all its wants. —L. E. Barr.

Bliss with mortal man may not abide. How nearly joy and sorrow are allied!

-Wordsworth.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear; Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate s'n with gold

And the strong lance of justice hurtling Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw doth pierce it. -Shukespeare.

A crowd of troubles passed him by, As he with courage waited.

He said: "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected;

Who weakly say good-by to hope—
We go where we're expected."
—Francis Elk'n Allison.

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear, Euch sufferer says his say, his scheme

of the weal and wee; But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear; The rest may reason and welcome; 't is

we musicians know.

-Rebert Browning.

Books and Authors.

TISM AND MESMERISM, with Psychic Experience. By A. E. Carpenter, for thirty years a demonstrator of practical

thirty years a demonstrator of practical psychology. Illustrated. Clqth; 112 pages. Price, 75 cents.
Hypnotism is constantly attracting more and more attention, and no other man in this country, perhaps, is quite so well able to give a plain, popular, and yet scientifically accurate account of its nature and uses for the instruction and entertainment of the general reader as entertainment of the general reader as Professor Carpenter. The thousands who have been amused and instructed by him during the last thirty years will be glad to know that he has at last consented to issue a book in which he tells the public all he can, and in the clearest possible manner. At a trifling cost one thus obtains what many are glad to pay very large sums for. Part II. is devoted to the narrations of psychic experiences, strange, but true, and the book conclude with a remarkably strong chapter on with a remarkant

Magazines.
The WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION inaugurates the new year by reproducing in its January number five of the world's most valuable paintings. These five are

the first of a series of masterpieces which the Companion will present during the year, several appearing in each issue of the magazine. Among the other features of the January number are "The Floral Setting of the White House," by Waldon Fawcett; "Shopping in the Great Cities of Europe," by Lillan Bell, and "The Girls' Art Schools of New York," by C. Montgomery McGovern. A new serial, "A Little Old Woman," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, begins in this Issue, and in addition to this four short stories are printed. The number is fully illustrated printed. The number is fully illustrated from drawings and photographs.

Cyrus Townsend Braly's new novel is

Cyrus Townsend Braly's new novel is published—complete—in the January number of the "NEW" LIPPINCOTT. This is a Revolutionary Lov Story, or, as the sub-title has it: "A Conedy of Cross—Purposes in the Carolinas" The real title, "When Blades or Out and Love's Afield," fits the plot to periation. "Blades" stands for the hot-heared young officers; and "Love" is represented by the two and "Love" is represented by the two pretty, plucky North Carolina girls, whose nearest male relative is a staunch Tory, wairest made relative is a standard for, while their own sympathies lean towards the Colonies, and their lovers are on both sides of the fight. The number contains also several notable short stories. "The Personal Equation: A Story of Cornell College," by James Cardner Sanderson, fulfils an editorial proparation of many months to publish a series of College Tales dealing with the principal Lulywersities of months to publish a series of College Tales dealing with the principal Universities of America. A. E. W. Hason, the popular English writer, contributes to the January "New" Lippineut "The Trouble at Beauther" an amusing story of a tipsy Englishman who is searching for the Marquis of Salisbury. Advin L. Sabin's story called "The Day of the President's Mostary." cancel the Day of the fresheaft's acceptage, it is a most patient one about a "Girl," a telegraph edior, and a railroad wreck. Elliott Flower writes a good little horse story that raises a hugh against the embryo racing mar. Apropos to celethe embryo racing man. Apropos to celebrating the centenary of the founding of Washington as the codtal of the United State, is Anne Hollinsworth Wharton's paper, culled "Washington: A Predestined Capital." "Talks with Chinese Women," by Lily Howard, is intimate conversation between an Aperican lady and her Chinese maid. "Surth Bernhardt in Her "Teens," by Albert Schinz, relates some new and intimate jossip about the "Divine Sarah's" early ife. "Divine Sarah's" early

In variety and w In variety and worn of contents of McCLURE'S MAGAINE for January is notable, as well for literary merit and for art. The first in a series of meroirs by Miss Clara Morris appears it this No., and by the graces of her wring the famous actress gives added value to a narrative full of interest. In this stold the story full of interest. In this of her trials and triumph of her first appearance a New York. There is a careful and fivid pen-picture of the Emperor William, hat most interesting figure of contenorary royalty. From this study by M Ray Stannard Baker the reader gains effinite acquaint-ance with the man and to sovereign. A third article of merit is entitled "Great Achievements of Modern ridge-Building." Here Mr. Frank W. Skiner, C. E., relates many marvels in this rost marvelous branch of modern engineering, and we

branch of modern enginering, and we larn just why it is the America leads the world in this work.

The fiction in this issue is of the best. A second installment of Mr. Rudyard Kiplings new novel, "Kim?" appears, with illustrations by M. Edwin Lord Weeks and Mr. J. Locwood Kipling. The short stories cover awide range, and they are splendidly illustrated. "After Culleden," by Mr. William McLeod Raine, is a tale of Scotch adverture in an historic setting. "The Ross of Moraga." by Mr. Mortimer O. Viie x. tells of patriotism in the Phippines. "The Revenge of the Four," by Ir. Joseph Flynting Mr. Francis Walton, is a wilmsically told marrative of events in that underworld whose mysterious cays Mr. Flynting world whose mysterious cays Mr. Flynting the marrative of events in that underworld whose mysterious cays Mr. Flynting Mr. Francis Walton, is a wilmsically told marrative of events in that underworld whose mysterious cays Mr. Flynting Mr. Flyn world whose mysterious tays Mr. Flynt knows so well. A cleve study of Chicago types is made by Ms Edith Wyatt in "Limitations," and in ithe Caairman's Polities" Mr. Will Paya mingles love and politics in a delightil comedy.

The Closing Year.

'Tis midnight's holy hour-and silence now Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er

Of the departed year. No funeral train

Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and

wood, With melancholy light, the moonbeams

rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is
stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on you cloud
That floats so still and placidly through

heaven.
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand-

dim, Whose tones are like the wizard voice of

Heard from the tomb of ages, points its

And holy visions that have passed away,

On the dead waste of life. That spectre

The coffin-lid of Hope, and Joy, and Love,

And, bending mourafully above the pale, Sweet forms, that slumber there, scat-ters dead flowers O'er what has passed to nothingness.

Has gone, and, with it, many a giorious

cold : And solemn finger to the beautiful

And left no shadow of their loveliness

'Tis a time

solemn form.

Gone from the Earth forever.

For memory and for tears.

deep,

LUKY BOY.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has many SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINY has many projects for the year 190 and several of the most important have their belinning in the number for January, which his just been issued. In fiction, readers will welcome the half-dozen amateur cracks and stories by E. W. Hornung, each of which is complete in itself; but the ingenius Raffles and his accomplice, Bunny, appear in all of the adventures. The one in his number is entitled "No Sineeure." and it is illustrated by F. C. Yohn, who will make the pictures for the wholeseris. Raffles has already taken his plact among those distinguished characters it fiction which everybody knows about.

There will be five more articles on "Russia of To-daf." by Henry Norman, M. P. The present issue describe a romantic journey in "The Caucasus," which Mr. Norman believes is the most atract-

Mr Norman believes is the most atract ve vacation trip in the world. The illustrations show the picturesque features of the country. Still chambers of the heart, a spectre

Thomas F. Milland, who has been it five Army attracted so much attention in Scribner's last year, gives "A domparison of the Armies in China." Mr. Millard's criticisms have all the marks of fairness and wide experience, and will command the respect of military men. Other attractions are as follows: Auguste Rodh, W. C. Browell. Illus-trations from photographs of culptures

The Fight Against Advertising Dis-

The Plague Ship—A story of the China Joast, Stephen Bonsal, The Stars, A Sonnet, Margurite Mer-The Point of View-Democracy in Liter-

Brother-"I saved money last Chris

Brother-'Girl jilted me on the 234."

The Field of Art-Two Beauful Rooms in Japan, W. B. Van Ingen Il-nistrated.

It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful-And they are not. It laid its pallid hand Upon the strong man—and the haughty form

Her Nineteenth-Century Sisters Drink a Toast to Her Future.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY GIRL.

The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds bell's deep tones are swelling—'t is the knell. The bright and joyous-and the tearful wall Of stricken ones is heard where erst the

> It passed o'er strength

Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's Green from the soil of carnage, waves And Winter with his aged locks-and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad

Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,

> Remorseless Time! Fierce spirif of the glass and scythe!what power

Can stay him in his silent course, or melt His iron heart to pity? On, still on He presses, and forever. The proud bird, The condor of the Andes, that can soar Though heaven's unfathomable depths,

And bathe his plumage in the thunder's

sinks down To rest upon his mountain crag-but

And night's deep darkness has no chain His rushing pinions.

throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each breast Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink Its shadow in each heart. In its swift Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles Spring blazing from the ocean, and go

rear To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs

pass away
To darkle in the trackless void; yet Time.
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce

Dark, stern. all-pitiless, and pauses not Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path. To sit and muse, like other conquerors, Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—George D. Prentice.

The Wayback Martyr. "Henry, the ancient Romans had sofa pillows."
"H'm; I wonder if the Koman wives let the Romans put their heads on them.

-Indianapolis Journal. The Beauty of Georgia Women.

passes for nearly among ourselves. Incese are women, you feel, whose lips would whisper passionate love or, if times allowed, sing high the song that sends their men in bettle-whose fingers would grasp the dagger or fall lightly across the

strings of the lute, with equal aptness.

Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim. ner's. It trod the hall of revelry, where throng-

song And reckless shout resounded.

The battle plain, where sword, and spear, and shield,
Flashed in the light of mid-day—and the Of serried hosts is shivered, and the

above The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came, And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;

Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air, Is heralded its millions to their home In the dim land of dreams.

or brave The fury of the northern hurricane,

home, Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and

Knows not the weight of sleep or weari-

Revolutions sweep O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the

To their mysterious caverns; mountains and bow Their tall heads to the plain; new em-

pires rise, Gathering the strength of hoary cen-Anr rush down like the Alpine avalanche, Startling the nations—and the very stars, You bright, and burning blazonry of God, Glitter a while in their eternal depths, And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their

Shoot from their glorious spheres, and career.

Are the women of Georgia as beautiful as we have always been told? When they become matrons, which is at an early age, they are too stout and broad in the age, they are too stout and broad in the beam for beauty, but in their youth, I should judge from glimpses at windows and passing faces, there may well be extraordinary loveliness among them—the loveliness of perfectly chiselled features true to the racial type, large calm dark eyes, firm, full mouth, alabaster skin, indigo-black hair—the precise antithesis of the piquancy of irregular features and nervous temperament which generally passes for beauty among ourselves. These passes for beauty among ourselves. These

Lagger and war-song, however, are out of date to-day. From "Russia of To-day," by Henry Norman, in the January Scrib-

French Contempt for English. It was my good fortune to have an op-portunity for considerable conversation with a young and distinguished (French) officer, and I was much struck by the quiet contempt with which he spoke of the recent achievements of the British the 'recent achievements of the British arms, and by the eminent opinions which he quoted as his authorities. 'Your navy is strong, but your army-you have no army,' he would say, and then hasten back to praises of the fleet to cover the unguarded utterance His opinion of the course of any future war between England and France was not without interest. They would dray away the fleet from the They would draw away the fleet from the

Channel, and if they could keep the sea clear for forty-eight hours a hundred thousand men might land in England. The war would then be over. "The English! I know the English," he would sav. "We should kill a few, we should march on London and kill a few more, and when they saw that the others would stop fighting and pay. We know the at their surrenders in Africa. It is all arranged. But I hope there will never be a war. It would be a pity. I like the English very well myself. Oh, yes, it English very well myself. Oh, yes, it would be a flying column, but-what of that? There would be very little danger,

and we should make our ammunition at Woolwich. And then you have no army."
This appears to be the general opinion, and an utter want of comprehension of the difficulties of the South African campaign has completely shattered our mili-tary prestige.—The Nin-teenth Century. The Finality.

This conversation, the reader will ob-serve, was overheard in Chicago. "Sue's wedding was most exclusive."

"Conclusive, too." "What do you mean by conclusive?"
"She told me that it was the last time she would ever wed."—Detroit Free Press.

BIGNESS AND BRAINS.

Of World's Great Men. Two-Thirds Are Under Average Height If a man's body is nearly an average in all respects, height, weight, proportions, etc., there must also be an average brain, and therefore a normal mind-excluding of course, normal men who have acquired insanity. Beyond this we dure not go, for

insanity. Beyond this we dare not go, for there is absolutely no relation between intelligence and stature.

Men of gentus may be big like Bismarck or little like Napoleon, and the came may be said of the feeble-minded, as well as of those of average intelligence. Georgo Washington's physical measurements are said to have been identical with those of Jeffries, the giant pugilist, other lilustrations right be given indefinitely.

It is true that the human brain weight depends upon the body weight, for many muscles require many brain cells. In like manner the sparrow needs but a few grains of brain, while the whate and elephant must have more than man.

grains of brain, while the whate and erephant must have more than man.

Yet that indescribable and immeasurable variable called intelligence depends upon other-things in addition to weight of brain, and the increase of brain weight due to increased stature consists of the such which may not, and probably does not, have any hearing mon interligence.

due to increased stature consists of it sue which may not, and probably does not, have any bearing upon intenigence.

A big physique with immense reserve power and endurance is a decided element in forcing men to the front in the struggle for life. This is in accordance with recent investigations among Chicago school children, which are said to show that the best scholars in any class are appreciably bigger than the rest.

Hence, other things being equal, the big men, having an advantage, should have a larger percentage of their number successful than the little men. Yet statistics show the very opposite, for Lombross mentions but twenty-six great men of tall stature, while he names fifty-nine who are short, some of them being even less than five feet in height.

As the anomalies or height are equally distributed on each side of the mean, there must be some tremendously active cause to make the little men more than twice as brilliant as the big. The two classics being equally removed from the average, should be equally abnormal metallical Record.

Medical Record.

HE KNEW.



"Ah! well! What is wealth after all, but the mere difference and expenditure!"

